THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
784 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY,

Under the Direction of
SCOTT C. BONE. - - - - - - - - - - Editor
HENRY L. WEST. - - - - - Business Manager

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier.
Daily and Sunday.....40 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$4.80 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....25 cents per month

Subscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday.....50 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$6.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....40 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....$4.80 per year
Sunday, without daily.....$2.00 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING SPECIAL AGENCY, Brunswick Building.

Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAMHAM, Boyce Building.

TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1910.

Chief Justice Fuller.

The death of Melville Weston Fuller in his seventy-eighth year removes from the arena of public life in America one of its most picturesque figures. Appointed in 1888 to the position of Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, he served successively through the administrations of Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley, and Theodore Roosevelt. If he was not widely and popularly known as a man of public affairs, this fact was due primarily to the peculiar nature of his office, which, while its work is of the very greatest importance to the public welfare, seldom appeals as a topic for public discussion. The very fact, perhaps, that Chief Justice Fuller as a man was less widely known speaks volumes for his value and for his pre-eminent fitness for the position he occupied.

Prior to his appointment to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States, the highest legal office in the land, Melville W. Fuller had been prominent in public activities. Noted in his own State of Maine as a lawyer, he had also been for a time associate editor of a Democratic paper called the Age; had been president of the common council of Augusta, Me., and had served as city solicitor of that town. In 1856 he removed from Maine to Chicago, where, in 1863, he was elected a member of the State legislature, and he was a delegate to the Democratic national conventions of 1864, 1872, 1876, and 1880, and all the time he was engaged in Chicago in the practice of law.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for him that the vacancy in the office of Chief Justice fell during the administration of Grover Cleveland. This President had long been an admirer of Chief Justice Fuller and promptly appointed him to the highest legal office in his gift.

His services as Chief Justice extended over thirty years, during which time Chief Justice Fuller's personality impressed itself as largely as possible upon the public life of Washington. Shortly after coming here he was made chancellor of the Smithsonian Institution; he became chairman of the trustees of the Peabody education fund; vice president of the John F. Slater fund, and a member of the board of trustees of Bowdoin College, from which he himself was graduated in 1853.

His public work and his talents were also officially recognized by his appointment as one of the arbitrators to settle the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana, the arbitration board meeting in Paris in 1899. He was also a member of the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague, and was a member of the arbitral tribunal of the Muscat Dowhs at The Hague in 1905.

His incumbency of the office of Chief Justice was marked during his thirty years' service by ripe scholarship, conservatism of judgment, and devotion to high ideals. In his death, the United States loses a talented and highly valued public servant, and Washington loses one of its most notable figures.

Wins if He Loses.

A lot has been said, mostly by that part of the press unfriendly to Col. Roosevelt, about the defeat suffered by the doughty colonel at the hands of the New York politicians. In spite of his avowed desire not to mix in politics for some time after his return, or, at least, until he could sense what changes had come over public opinion during his year's absence, Col. Roosevelt was moved to take his stand alongside Gov. Hughes in that executive's fight for direct nominations by the people. It had not been thought that Col. Roosevelt had given this modern reform which has worked so advantageously in many States, notably Oregon, much attention, but his telegram on the subject showed that he knew enough and had firm enough convictions to declare himself in favor of it in no uncertain terms.

His telegram was ignored. The New York assembly decided that it was not yet time to take the nominating power out of the hands of the professional political bosses, and this has been called a defeat for Roosevelt.

What are the facts? Instead of being defeated, Col. Roosevelt finds himself, whether he will or not, in the position of natural leader of the reform element of the Republican party in New York, and to that element his leadership is a tower of strength. He also finds himself thrust into this position of leadership on an issue to which he can, with heart and conscience, devote his entire energy and strength. He is to be the St. George who is to rescue the people from the dragon of domination of the political bosses. He is to be the leader of the modern crusade in the East which is to give into the hands of the people themselves the right to nominate good men and true for office. It is leadership in a cause that justifies itself; a cause so big and with consequences so vital that it alone is sufficient to account for Mr. Roosevelt's re-entry into the political arena.

And the role—in a measure forced upon him—is one that suits his temperament and his ideals; for it arrays him against evil influences in politics and puts him squarely on the side of the people in a battle for their rights. And with such a fight to be fought, it is good to remember that though Gov. Hughes goes to the Supreme Court, Roosevelt remains—and that he is not in the habit of losing battles.

The "Tag Day" Nuisance.

If Mayor Gaynor always gets as fine a point of view with reference to the great questions that confront him as he seems invariably to get with reference to those of minor import, he will go down in history as one of the greatest mayors New York ever knew.

In disapproving a recent resolution from the board of aldermen providing for a certain "tag day" for the benefit of the Day Nursery in the borough of Richmond, the mayor said:

"This resolution would authorize the ladies of the Day Nursery in the borough of Richmond to accost people in that borough 'for the purpose of extracting coin and other moneys from every possible citizen on the occasion of a tag day.' Such an authorization is of doubtful legality and of more than doubtful propriety. The collection of money on tag days is usually made a success by the aid of small children—a practice which should not be permitted."

However worthy the object for which "tag days" are set aside, it must be admitted that the mayor is right. "Tag days" are nuisances, pure and simple, and they should be abolished for more reasons than one. The one suggested by Mayor Gaynor is ample, however, and will suffice.

No possible benefit can come eventually of teaching children that the procuring of money, for any purpose whatever, by assault and battery methods is permissible or to be justified in morals or good taste. And by children we mean boys and girls all the way from the infant class up to the youthful contingent—even young men and women. No man likes to refuse an offering to a charming girl who demands it in whirlwind and true "tag day" fashion, but he finds it exceedingly difficult to believe that any really charming young thing could come at him in that fashion. The sacrifice in dignity and manners that young people make—however willingly, cheerfully, or enthusiastically—is too big a price to pay for the financial returns incident to any "tag day."

There are many ways of extracting money from humanity at large—painless methods galore—without resorting to the "tag day" method. It is the very worst of all that may be classed as legitimate in any circumstances. Mayor Gaynor deserves the thanks of the public for endeavoring to end it in so far as he may. Let other mayors, and the powers that be, emulate his illustrious example.

Another Immigration Problem.

To the Pacific Coast, which a year ago was so wrought up over the question of the admission of Chinese and Japanese, comes now another serious problem in immigration. There has recently come to the Western ports great numbers of East Indians, seeking admission. The immigration authorities are not disposed to admit them unless they comply in every way with the law, but many of them do this and are admitted after searching examinations.

But what possible place in our civilization is to be found for the Hindu? In no sense can he be called a desirable immigrant, though we are fain to admit that his qualifications in many respects excel those of the Cantonese and the lower classes of Japanese. But in addition to their foreign blood and their color, the Hindus possess the additional disadvantages of caste, hide-bound and rigid. The Hindu cannot mingle in any proper sense with American civilization. There is no possibility of his assimilation. In most cases they cannot eat wth Christians nor live with them, and though in India they make most excellent and cheap servants—separate quarters having to be provided for them on account of their caste—they could not fit into any such positions here.

There is, we are sure, no desire on the part of any Hindus to become American citizens; they could not, even if we would accept them as such. Even in our "melting-pot" of the races, as Zangwill calls it, they would not fuse with the races. They are alien in speech, in color, in religion, in ethics. Their standard of living is far below our own; their scheme of morality will not fit with ours.

In foreign lands, wherever the Hindu has settled he is an object of pity. He is to be found in the West Indies, little better than a slave; in South Africa he has been tried and found incompetent. It is quite natural that he should seek escape from his own overburdened and famine-ridden country, but there is no reason why the tide of Hindu emigration should be turned this way. We may pity him—for he is an object of pity—but we do not want to take him to our bosom.

The young man who addressed his best girl as "sweatheart" wrote more Julyiferously than poetically.

Those humble and stupid persons who doubted Prof. Johnsing's eminent ability to do it, and do it good and proper, now feel duly and truly humiliated, of course. In the cold gray dawn of this morning after, it is difficult to believe that we ever could have suspected Prof. Johnsing of being anything less than a lead-pipe cinch, anyway.

Room, good people, room! The ancient and honorable association of I-told-you-so's now insist upon being heard!

There is to be no general strike on the Southern railroads. For this relief, much thanks! The one sure thing this country does not wish is a railroad strike.

The moral of the fight is, of course—but, perhaps, there is no moral.

That the first bit of political advice tendered by the colonel since his return was rejected spells nothing, necessarily. Besides, it is doubtful whether we have heard the last of that advice yet.

Really, there is no reason why you should not indulge in a safe and sane 5th, for that matter.

Now that Prof. Johnsing has handed it to Prof. Jeffries, let us hope the Pullman porters will be satisfied if we merely double their tips.

Adeline Genee—that was—is now Mrs. Isitt. We fear this means another lot of Isit-ain'tit-wasit jokes.

Changes in administration are effected in England without disturbing the postmastership situation in any manner whatever. The Democrats have noticed a tendency of the same sort in this country of late years, too.

New members will pour into the headquarters of the Down-With-Prize-Fighting Society by the millions now, of course.

Since "Jeff" failed to come back, he will, naturally, now have to go away back!

"Roosevelt is in fine fighting trim," observes Senator La Follette. That's what they all say.

Down in Georgia they call it the "goobernatorial" campaign.

The Knoxville Sentinel is authority for the statement that twenty bath tubs were sold in Grand Old Texas last month. With all of its vast territory, it probably will puzzle Texas sorely to know what on earth to do with so many bath tubs.

Now that a "cullud pusson" has the championship, let him keep it forever and a day. When it comes to dropping prize fighting in this country for good and all, we cannot think of a more psychological arriving, as it were.

It still remains true, moreover, that reference to T. R. suggests Mr. Theodore Roosevelt immediately, and not Mr. Tex Rickard.

"A great many people wish he would stick to his wood chopping," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Perhaps! It seems to be true, however, that so many more people wish him to do nothing of the kind.

"Americans do not know how to dance," says a Frenchman. The trouble may be that Americans never yet have learned how to dance to foreign fiddling.

It is, perhaps, just as well that the "last of the great prize fights" should have been a "jim crow" affair.

It cost Mr. Sibley $4 per vote to get back to Congress, it seems. Still, when you look at it from that point of view, $4 seems a modest enough sum to demand for voting for Mr. Sibley.

Senator Gore's idea that it is all wrong to rob Poor Lo is generally indorsed. Poor Lo probably does not suspect that his name ever will be anything other than Poor Lo, nevertheless.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Why We Admire Him.

From the Topeka Capital.

We admit we admire Roosevelt. We admire any man who is able to save both his teeth and his hair.

Sad State of Things.

From the Wichita Eagle.

When Indian affairs get into such a shape that a blind man can see that something is wrong, it seems about time for something to be done.

Which Is It?

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mexican jails are reported overflowing with prisoners. Either the jail accommodations are inadequate or else the vote for Mr. Diaz's rival is larger than supposed.

Second Only to La Follette.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Roosevelt says he cannot talk for two months. Strange, most everyone has the opinion that he could talk for a year and not be seriously inconvenienced.

Afraid of Results.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

William J. Bryan has sailed for home by way of Montreal, probably to make sure that there would not be another one of those welcoming demonstrations in New York.

Fortune Favors the Blind.

From the Kansas City Times.

A blind man in Kansas City, Kans., announces his candidacy for Representative. Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, is such a big success that blind candidates are likely to become popular everywhere.

EVE.

(Reprinted by request.)

Ere escaped a most tremendous lot of ills,
Or a lot of joys the lady never knew—
Ills or joys they are that our existence fills,
All depending on a person's point of view.

Eve was never at a Monday bargain sale,
She was never at a Wednesday matinee,
And she never promenaded in a gale
Wearing hosiery of silken fabric gay.

Eve was never in a wrangle at her club,
She was never called her city's moral force;
She was ignorant of kettle, pan, or tub,
And she never thought of getting a divorce.

Eve was never known to wear a friz or switch,
And she never used cosmetics for her face;
And she never wished that she had married rich
So that she could then have held her rightful place.

Eve was never known to read the latest book,
She was never mentioned on a social page,
And she never told her neighbors how her cook
Went on strike because she would not raise her wage.

Eve was never for the papers photographed,
She was never busy in a bridge whist set,
And she never worried till completely daft
Over whether to appear in decollete.

Eve was never known to study every spring
Over what the foreign notables would wear,
And she never took a course in how to sing
Or had marcelle waving worked into her hair.

Eve was never worried over Adam's faults,
Never thought that he would smoke himself to death;
Never walked in leaps and lopes and strides and halts,
Never waltzed until she wholly lost her breath.

Eve was never at a howling football game,
Never showed her dog against "the other curs;"
And she never vowed with eyes and cheeks aflame
That the neighbors' children should not play with hers.

But there is one trait that links her with to-day,
With her sisters of this moment passing fair;
Often, often Adam heard her gently say:
"I would go, but I've not got a thing to wear!"

—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Evening Post.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE FIFTH OF JULY.

Not a bomb is left to-day
For an active boy to handle;
Not a piece of punk or a
Roman candle.

Ah, the Fifth inglorious is!
Remnants lie in every gutter.
There is nothing left to fizz
Or to sputter.

I will not prolong this bit
For the Fifth hangs like a fetter.
And the less we say of it,
Why, the better.

Certainly Not.

"I see your heroine floats from room to room."

"Of course," said the author of the book. Would you expect her to attempt to walk in these new gowns?"

Down to Facts.

"Did you ever get a dimand ring at the seashore?"

"Don't make me laugh. But, I'll tell you what did happen."

"What?"

"A fellow I was engaged to once bought me an ice cream soda."

Some Solace.

"It's tough to be a tramp. We ain't got nobody to welcome us nowhere."

"Dat's all right, pard. We ain't got no constituents to face."

Says Brudder Bones.

Dere has been an endin' to
All de puffin'.
Congress has at last got froo
Doin' nuffin'.

As It Often Happens.

"Who really catches the most fish, the man with an expensive outfit, or the boy with a bent pin?"

"I've seen 'em both fish all day and neither get a bite," answered the sunburned citizen.

Entirely Different.

"I decline to spend $200 for a bathing suit."

"But, hubby, you don't understand. This isn't a bathing suit; this is a beach costume."

A Woman's Joy.

"I was disappointed in my visit to the White House."

"Why?"

"Oh, they wouldn't let us look in the closets."

STRIKING A LIGHT.

Odd Methods Employed by the Civilized and the Savage.

From the Kansas City Times.

The world was thousands of years old before matches were known. The little tip of the match looks very simple, yet it is made of so many substances put together that it took chemists years to discover just what materials could be used in making it.

Savages know nothing about matches, so make their light in other ways. Sometimes the uncivilized people rub two dry pieces of wood together until one catches fire. Often they use two stones striking one against the other until a spark falls amid some dry leaves and starts a small blaze.

The Australian bushman uses a method of his own to procure a light. First he selects two pieces of light wood each about a foot long from the cork tree or black fig tree. One a flat piece he lays on the ground amid a pile of dry leaves. Upon this strip of wood he kneels in order to hold down the ends. Then he rolls the other pointed stick between the palms of his hands so that it bores a hole into the flat strip of wood. This makes fine wood dust which catches on fire, sending its sparks among the dry leaves. By blowing upon the tiny light the bushman soon has a fire which he feeds with more leaves.

The Malay sailors follow much the same plan as the bushman. They use a piece of split bamboo, making a notch across its hollow side. Sawing into this notch slowly then rapidly with a sharp edged piece of bamboo, wood dust is soon made. This catches fire and falls upon the dry leaves which the wise sailor has placed to catch the sparks. In the forests of South America the natives often strike two stones together until a little spark flies out. Instead of using dry leaves to receive this tiny bit of fire they prefer to build little heaps of fluffy bird feathers. "Striking a light" is a term which has come to us from our ancestors. They struck two flint stones together until the spark flew into a tinder box of charred threads of linen. This tiny light was blown into a flame. Then a match tipped with brimstone or sulphur was lighted from the little fire so that the candles or stove fires might be lighted. These tinder boxes and the brimstone matches were always kept where they were very easy to get.

If you have read the old story, "Tinder Box," by Hans Andersen, you will remember that the soldier promised to bring the witch, the tinder box, for helping him find the treasures in the earth.

Waste and Worse.

From the New York Mail.

American extravagance appears in one of its most reckless forms in the national use of patent medicines. The habit of self-medication is almost a disease in itself, the evil effects of which are matters of growing concern to the medical profession. The traffic in so-called cures for consumption affords a striking example of this habit. In a bulletin recently issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, it is stated that the American people spend more than $15,000,000 every year for preparations advertised as cures for consumption. This money, it is pointed out, is worse than wasted, for the reason that the persons taking those alleged remedies are often so badly affected by them that a real cure is rendered impossible. The longing for health never received more pathetic expression than it finds in those figures.

Specially Designed.

From the Denver Post.

"This alarm clock," explains the clerk, "is especially designed to waken sleepy cooks."

"How in the world does it work?" asks the patron.

"Instead of the usual bell ringing, it has an attachment that jingles like a pair of ice tongs."

Going Down!

From the Buffalo Express.

"What sort of a social position has Jones in town?"

"He used to stand pretty well, but he's a mere nobody now. He didn't receive any degrees this month; he didn't go to New York to meet Roosevelt; none of his daughters were married, and he wasn't operated on for appendicitis."

Human Nutmeg Grater.

From the Boston Transcript.

Aunt—And you refused the count simply because he had a wart on his nose. Why, girl, he has millions.

Niece (shuddering)—Mercy! Then I'm very glad I refused him.

Just the Right Size.

From Life.

"Jack, dear, mamma has invited us to spend your vacation with her, and you know we haven't a trunk."

"We might ask our landlord to let us take this flat with us."

DAILY BOOK REVIEW

DISCOVERIES IN BABYLONIA.

"A History of Sumer and Akkad," the first of a three-volume "History of Babylonia and Assyria," by Leonard W. King, M. A., F. S. A., assistant in the department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, author of "Babylonian Religion and Mythology," &c. It is a royal octavo, with many illustrations from photographs. "There is," says the author, "a peculiar fascination in tracing any highly developed civilization to its source." An account is here given of the dawn of civilization in Mesopotamia, and of the early city states which were formed from time to time in the lands of Sumer and Akkad, the two great divisions of Babylonia at that time. The excavations carried on during the last few years have added immensely to our knowledge of these countries and have revolutionized many of the ideas current with regard to the age and character of Babylonian civilization. The author has placed all new material in a connected form that has enabled him to reach conclusions of striking interest and unusual importance. An attempt has also been made to estimate the extent to which Babylonian culture influenced the early culture of Egypt, Asia, and the West. The photographs are from the official records of the Second Pumpelly expedition, from objects of interest in the British Museum, from the illustrations by Leroux, and plans and drawings executed with great pains and accuracy. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company).

HALF IN EARNEST.

"Half in Earnest," by Muriel Hine, seems intended to display the theory of "free love" in operation. Miss Hine does not think much of "free love." Nevertheless, she gives it more indulgence than is usual in books of the sort. The "free lover" is an ambitious young English politician, his victim the young "wife in name only" of an elderly scholar. The two meet in an Italian seaside place, and the young woman is persuaded to the man's way of thinking. The man is represented as desiring freedom because he dislikes the responsibilities of marriage, and wants to have nothing in the way of his career. The rest of the story, following their sympathetically recorded romance, tells of his thoughtless rather than deliberate neglect of the woman who is to bear him a child and of her bravery in a difficult position. The upshot of it all is that she marries a man who is described as having "old-fashioned ideas" of morality, but who is broad-minded enough to sympathize with her, knowing the truth. Only one of the characters, the woman herself, is convincing, the selfish young politician being too crudely drawn to seem real, and the other man too superficially described. In spite of these defects and an immaturity betrayed in the handling of the pivotal ideas of the book, it holds the interest rather steadily, being well constructed and smoothly told. (New York: John Lane & Co.)

HISTORY OF MR. POLLY.

H. G. Wells' new story, "The History of Mr. Polly," is one of the cleverest bits of fiction that one can find in a long time. Under the surface there runs the serious study of social conditions, for H. G. Wells is a student of economics and sciology and human nature. It is hard to say whether the laughter or the tears lie closest to the surface here; there is much that is exquisitely funny; one reads few descriptions finer, in a terse, ironic style, than the funeral of Mr. Polly's father or his own wedding feast. The lower middle class of England is here presented in miniature, but with wonderful vividness and almost bitter faithfulness of analysis. And poor Mr. Polly, with a soul dumbly longing for beauty, for idealism, for spiritual growth, is doomed to spend his days among such people as the Larkinses. He lost Parsons, his one friend; the red-haired girl, his one love; he gained Miriam and Uncle Pentstemon. It is very funny, and it is infinitely sad. Mr. Wells' style is sketchy and impressionistic, but he has never done a more interesting piece of work. It is well worth reading, for it shows the author a master of his material. (New York: Duffield & Company.)

So Do We.

From the London Punch.

"It is estimated that there are 64,166,600 microbes in a cubic inch of grape," says the Bristol Evening Times carelessly, apropos of nothing in particular. We insist on a recount.

Beyond Comprehension.

From the Youngstown Telegram.

Oakley—They tell me that the German Emperor drinks too much beer.

Soakley—Impossible.

WHEN MEALS LASTED ALL DAY.

Not Much Temptation to Travel in Those Good Old Times.

The people that are telling others that the will escape from all bodily ills if they will confine themselves to two meals a day think they have invented a new custom. They don't know that 400 years ago two meals a day was a common programme, at least in some quarters.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly, in describing sixteenth century inns, says: that among travelers in those days eating resolved itself into two meals a day, but that most of them had no more than that at home. However, as a meal seemed to be a continuous performance, lasting pretty much all day, the hardships of travel must not be exaggerated.

At Berne there was a law against sitting at table more than five hours; at Bale, from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. was the maximum permitted, but the town council was unable to practice its own counsels of perfection, and on great occasions finished in private.

In Saxony the innkeeper was forbidden to serve more than four dishes at one meal; and there public opinion was some check, inasmuch as it was common to compare the Saxon dishes, served as they were, one by one, to the tyrants of Sicily, each of whom was a more fearful monster than his predecessor.

Supervision over the inns was far stricter than at present, especially in Italy. At Lucca and at Florence all the inns were in a single street; and in many towns the new arrival was taken before the authorities by the guard at the gates before he was allowed to choose his inn, to which he would be conducted by a soldier.

At Lucca too was a department of the judiciary which was specially concerned with strangers; and to this the innkeepers had to send a daily report of each guest. Yet to judge by the tourists accounts the supervision might well have been carried further and reports upon the innkeepers required from the tourists.

Such a system of double reports would have been a check on the murdering innkeeper, to whom there are ocassional references. A landlord at Poitiers was detected in the middle of the seventeenth century; and at Stralesund, so runs another tale, 800 (!) persons had disappeared at one inn. They had reappeared, it is true—but pickled.

Often before the inn came in sight the traveler would see his Italian host. Sometimes the host would have touts as far away as seven or eight leagues to buttonhole foreigners, carry their luggage, promise anything and behave with the utmost servility—till the morning of departure. But with all this to expect them to provide clean sheets was to expect too much and it was desirable for the visitor to carry his own bedding.

In many cases we find the tourist sleeping on a table in his clothes to avoid the dirty bed. Still in Italy, as a rule, you shared your bed with the permanent occupants only. In Spain you were sure to do so; one man, one bed, was the custom there. In Germany the custom was just the reverse; in fact, if the tourist did not find a companion for himself the host chose for him, and his bedfellow might be a gentleman or he might be a carter; all that could be safely prophesied about him was that when he came to bed he would be drunk.

The bed would be one of several in a room, the covering a quilt warm enough to be too warm for summer and narrow enough to leave one side of each person exposed in winter. That is, supposing there were beds.

Not to Be Deceived.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"John," she asked, after she had finished packing her trunk, "will you remember to water the flowers in the porch boxes every day?"

"Yes, dear, I'll see that they are properly moistened regularly."

"And the rubber plant in the dining-room. You know it will have to be sprayed about three times a week."

"I'll remember it."

"I'm afraid you'll forget the canary and let the poor little thing starve."

"Don't worry about the bird, dear. I'll take good care of him."

"But I feel sure you'll forget about keeping the curtains drawn so that things won't all be faded out when I get back."

"Don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness about the curtains. I'll keep the house as dark as a tunnel."

"John, I'm not going. You have some reason for being anxious to get rid of me."

Wouldn't Believe It on Oath.

From the Dallas News.

Probably nothing would give the American people a profounder shock than to learn that Col. Roosevelt's teeth didn't grow there.

Charleston Is Proud of Him.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

Bugs Raymond, former Charlestonian, is one of the best pitchers in the world—that is, he can hold more than any other.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

How Napoleon Won an Archduchess—July 5.

On July 5 and 6, 1808, occurred the battle of Wagram, one of the most bloody of the campaign waged by Napoleon against Austria and the Austrian archdukes, Charles and John. Napoleon had 150,000 soldiers, while the Austrian army numbered barely 10,000 less.

Austria had no sooner concluded the peace of Pressburg than she began to regret her haste and to reflect that Austerlitz was, after all, not necessarily a final battle, and had merely resulted in frightening the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and causing them to forget that an army of the Archdukes Charles and John was approaching from Hungary.

Accordingly, the years of 1806-7 were spent in the rebuilding of the military, and in the spring of 1808 a fresh army of 300,000 men was raised by conscription. Against this Napoleon at once protested, and war was the outcome.

The Austrian troops crossed the frontiers at once in Bohemia, on the Inn, in the Tyrol, and in Italy. France gathered her forces from all quarters to the valley of the Danube, where she had in all about 200,000. An action at Thann was undecisive; then there was a victory for the French at Abensberg, and one for their enemy at Ratisbon, and finally a hotly contested engagement at Eckmul, in which Napoleon at length came off victorious. The next move of the French was toward Vienna, where, after but slight resistance, they arrived on the 13th of May, the Austrian archduke's relief coming too late upon the scene.

The fighting now centered about the Danube, which the French attempted to cross on the 19th of May near the village of Aspern, and after two days of severe conflict the Austrians came off victorious, the loss for both sides reaching a total of 50,000 men. Driven back to Lobau, Napoleon fortified his position and summoned troops from far and near.

On the evening of the Fourth of July he had 150,000 infantry and 30,000 horse, together with 750 pieces of cannon on the island. In the night secretly-prepared bridges were thrown over the river, and by 6 on the morning following the whole force was across. The batttle began in the afternoon by a violent attack on the Austrian forces which, for a moment, promised to decide the day in favor of Napoleon, but the tide turned at last and the French were repulsed with heavy loss.

There was a breathing spell for one night, and then the Austrians took the offensive. They had 115,000 infantry and 25,000 cavalry, with the expectation of 30,000 re-enforcements under the Archduke John. Both sides fought desperately. The Austrian right overcame the French left, and at the other extreme the battle was long in doubt. But at last two divisions turned the Austrian flank and drove it back. Then Napoleon brought all his force to bear upon the enemy's center, and after charging again and again succeeded in forcing the Austrians into an ordered retreat.

Although this meant, in the end, the final triumph of France, the battle was so nobly contested that most historians consider it one of the most creditable in Austrian annals. The total loss is estimated at 25,000, killed and wounded.

In his "History of Europe," Alison says that this campaign is "one of the most memorable examples of patriotic resistance recorded in the history of the world. * * * * Other empires have almost invariably succumbed upon the capture of the capital. * * * * Austria is the only state recorded in history which (without the aid of a rigorous climate like Moscow) fought two desperate battles in defense of its independence after its capital had fallen." Yet to small purpose! By the peace of Vienna, Austria had to give up to Bavaria Salzberg, Berchtesgaden, the Innviertel, and the Hausrckviertel; parts of Galacia to Russia and Warsaw; Carniola, Trieste, most of Croatia, Istra, &c., to Italy; in all 42,000 square miles and 3,500,000 people. The Emperor was also forced to reduce the army and, indirectly, to give, shortly after, the hand of his daughter, Maria Louisa, in marriage to Napoleon.

On July 5, 1775, Benjamin Franklin wrote his famous letter to Strahan, the English publisher; it is the date of the battle of Aboukir, Egypt, in 1799, and on which sovereigns were first issued by the English government in 1817. It is the birthday of Mrs. Sarah Siddons, the actress (1755); Admiral David G. Farragut, the first admiral of the United States navy (1801); Phineas T. Barnum, the celebrated circus man (1810); William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy under Cleveland (1841), and Joseph B. Foraker, the Ohio soldier and statesman (1846).

AT THE HOTELS.

"Judging from the prominence a space the newspapers give to the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight, as compar with the secondary prominence and spa these same papers devote to news of more serious nature, to questions co cerning the real moral and mater welfare of the country, the Americ people undisguisedly show that there a strongly developed streak of the fr olous in them," said Friedrich Gruner, Berlin, at the New Willard yesterday.

Mr. Gruner is the publisher of a tra paper, and is visiting this country on business.

"Wherever my eyes rested on the p this morning," continued the Germ "and no matter what paper I bought to escape this omniscient fight, the big print of the fight was prominently displayed. Prize fighting, as I understand it, is condemned by the American people and prohibited in most States. It is regarded as demoralizing.

"The newspapers, on the other hand, are looked upon as the voice of the people, and, judging from the appearance of the press of these days, one would be led to believe that there isn't anything more popular, more ennobling and inspiring than a prize fight. The pulpits are against prize fighting, and the papers give it more space than the finest sermon that was ever preached. No invention, no matter how beneficial to mankind, has ever created such a stir in the newspapers. No measure passed by any lawmaking body in the world, no matter of what lasting consequence, has ever been accorded such headlines. That being the case, I should like to ask the question whether the American people are sincere and serious with themselves and honest with the world when they profess on one hand to despise and condemn prize fights, while on the other hand they are eager to get the news from the champions at the training quarters and the ringside.

"This is a peculiar side of the American character which I have never been fully able to comprehend. Laws are made in this country prohibiting the sale and consumption of alcoholic drinks, and yet there is more of that stuff consumed in the very States which prohibit it than in others. You pass laws prohibiting betting on horse racing, and again there is no trouble in placing wagers on any horse in this country. You boast of the observance of the American Sunday, and still there are places where the law winks at transgressions. You condemn gambling and lotteries, and there is not a greater gambling den in the world than Wall street. The reasoning of the American mind is beyond my comprehension."

Harold G. Boogher, of Philadelphia, an enthusiastic coin collector, who was seen at the Raleigh, in speaking of his hobby, said recently: "The mint mark collectors are growing in number among the coin collectors in this country. The genuine coin collectors, those who collect the coins of all periods and of all countries, who value a coin rather for its historical significance than its scarcity, are inclined to look with indifference upon them. Nevertheless, as a result of their activity, the mint mark collectors have given new value to certain coins of recent issue.

"The desire of the collector of mint marks," continued Mr. Boogher, "is to possess a specimen of every coin of a certain denomination that has been struck at all the different mints, although the coins are exactly alike with the exception of the little mint mark.

"Of branch mints there have been five—Charlotte, N. C.; Dahlonega, Ga.; New Orleans, Carson City, Nev., and San Francisco—in addition to the parent mint at Philadelphia. The first used the letter 'C,' the second 'D,' the third 'O,' the fourth 'CC', the fifth 'S.' The coins of the Philadelphia mint are distinguished from the others by the fact that they bear no letter.

"The first of the branch mints was the one at Charlotte, near which place gold was discovered in the United States in 1799. The last branch mint to be put in operation is that at Denver, which now uses the mint letter 'D.' The Dahlonega mint, which formerly used this letter, was abandoned many years ago. It is only of recent years that interest has been taken in the collection of mint marks. Now at a coin auction it is not a rare thing to see the most spirited bidding unexpectedly develop when the auctioneer offers a coin of very modern date and of apparently small value. But investigation will show that the coveted coin bears a mark which means much to the collector trying to complete his series."

Dr. S. J. Hyneman, of Pittsburg, a prominent physician of that city, who is at the Arlington, said that good humor and laughing are the best tonics and life prolongers.

"Cultivate both in this spell of hot weather," said the physician, "and you will feel immensely benefited. The immediate physical results of indulgence in laughter are numerous. In the first place, the act of laughing involves the exercise of a large number of muscles, including many of those of the face, neck and chest, and abdomen, which, if they are exercised sufficiently, often become correspondingly well developed, as do also the glands, blood vessels, nerves, and other tissues in intimate connection with them. The facial muscles, for example, of the man who laughs often and easily are generally developed to a degree which gives him the facial rotundity of a contented child. But laughter accomplishes much more than the production of this mere outward appearance of well being. It has a highly beneficial influence on those two vital organs, the heart and the lungs.

"During what is called a 'fit' of laughter, the lungs may be almost completely emptied of their contained air," continued the man of science. "Fresh air is then drawn in to the fullest extent of their capacity, inflating, perhaps, those little-used air cells, which contained previously only stagnant air and bacilli, for in the shallow breathing we ordinarily practice comparatively large tracts of air cells are not used. During this process the general circulation is accelerated, impure air is hurried out of the system and fresh air hurried in. Persons who, so to speak, let themselves go and laugh with a will, sometimes bring almost all the principal muscles of their body into play, twisting, turning, and bending themselves almost double in sheer muscular exhilaration.

"It is a matter of everyday experience that one feels the better for a good laugh, an explosion of laughter being, in truth, a nerve storm, comparable in its effect to a thunderstorm in nature, doing good by dissipating those oppressive clouds of care which sometimes darken the mental horizon."

"Last season, when the Ringling shows were touring the South," said Robert L. Kirke, of Atlanta, who was seen at the Riggs, "an unsuspecting girl had a gorgeous plume of purple torn from her hat and was frightened into an assortment of fits. Her escort, a lantern-jawed young fellow, got angry and wanted to clean up things. He barked up the wrong tree on that score, and after banging away at a youngster in uniform tried his hand on an old-timer and got a good, hard bump for his pains. The purple plume was the innocent cause of the mess, and after the young girl had come around explanations were made, and the incident closed without any further unpleasantness. The management had to give up $20 for the hat. If you want to get a monkey to turn handsprings and squeak with rage, wave a combination of red and green before his eyes. An odd thing about this, too, is that he is partial to green alone—in fact, most animals are—but when red is mixed with the green Mr. Monkey gets on his ear and jumps madly at everything within reach. Green is a soothing color to wild animals, just as it is to human beings."